

Tears of Blood

Story: Tears of Blood

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Summary: They flowed from him crimson and unending.
For the loved and the lost, he wept, tears of blood.

***Chapter 1*: Tears of Blood**

Tears of Blood

Fear

It gripped at him. Held his soul in its vice. Fear at what he must do. Fear at its implication. But it was the only way. He would put his terror aside in time and grow to love, cherish his task. Fear would become his ally. For his was a crimson path.

Death

It became common. It took his mind. Its intoxicating stench filled him with longing. The longing to rejoin his lost half. His dead love. No one can escape it. It claimed all. The only constant in life had become his only companion. Loyal; it followed him wherever he tread, leaving not but corpses in his wake. And for its loyalty he loved it. Together they would stay, of one mind and soul; inseparable. Yes, he would leave no one with their life. Not even himself in the end.

Justice

Divine retribution it could be called. He scoffed at the thought. Fools all, the people who put their faith in justice. Justice is the ultimate truth, they say. The redeemer of man. It is pure and righteous. But where was his justice? He who had sacrificed all to save the ungrateful souls of a dying world. He who was treated as a traitor, a betrayer, a lowly criminal upon his return. He who had his whole world stolen from him in a moment of blind fury. Was it not for them that he broke their sacred laws and made their unholy taboos his

raison d'être? Now he would claim the lives he toiled to spare. After all, were they not rightfully his?

Revenge

Was a welcome in open arms and hearts truly too much to ask? He returned to his village of origin not as a Hero but as a shameful smear upon their history. Garbage; he was to them. Human waste. Useless. Something to be abhorred and looked upon with noses upturned in disgust. He hated them for it. The feeling swelled in the cavity of his chest. And it was just that, a cavity. Empty. His heart? Crushed. It lay dead at his feet, and for that the fires of war blackened his soul. After all, it was for their weakness he suffered. And every fiber of his being demanded vengeance. He called for their blood. And his call was to be answered.

Blood

It was the force of life. The crimson liquid flowed through the veins of every living being. And his hands were stained with it. Stained? He laughed. No. A stain implies they were once clean and pure. On his hands lie the blood of his parents. Slain by his own hand in ire. Blood of the innocent. Blood of the evil. It mattered not to him. All mingled on his hands without discretion. And now... The blood of his beloved. Her divine blood would become his guide, it would provide the light to his path.

Pathway

It was ever so clear in front of him. It shimmered red and infinite. The ground was to be stained with the life he was owed. After all, was it not them who took his life, his love? A travesty they called her. Words such as these were not befitting of his Goddess. Mercilessly they cast her away, the girl that fell from heaven to grace mankind with her beauty

and wisdom. Now his precious deity lay dead at his feet, the victim of an ignorant crime of an ignorant soul. What would that soul say if it knew it had just slain a Goddess?

Friends

His 'friends' they called themselves. Did they think it would spare them from his rage? A travesty they called his actions. With teary eyes they stood before him. Why do you betray us? Why do you steal the lives of those who love you they say? Fools. Their blood was no different than any others in this appalling village. And soon it too would be claimed in the soil. For his wrath was not so forgiving as to forget their deeds. Weeping, his Goddess fled to them, her pleas of safe harbor denied. With cold eyes and cold hearts they turned their backs to her. Stranger they called her. Outsider. Were they blind to her beauty? He could not let sacrilege such as that exist. Their blood was to be spilt now.

Rage

It consumed him. Such a powerful emotion. It drove him forward and made him strong. It was his bloodlust. His thirst. Anger. A simple feeling, and yet it filled his mind and made him blind to all reason. But it was for the best. For reason and logic were nothing more than a weak soul's excuse for its weakness. And his task gave no lenience to weakness.

Tears

They flowed crimson and unending. For the loved and the lost he wept; tears of blood.

So... Who can guess what just happened?